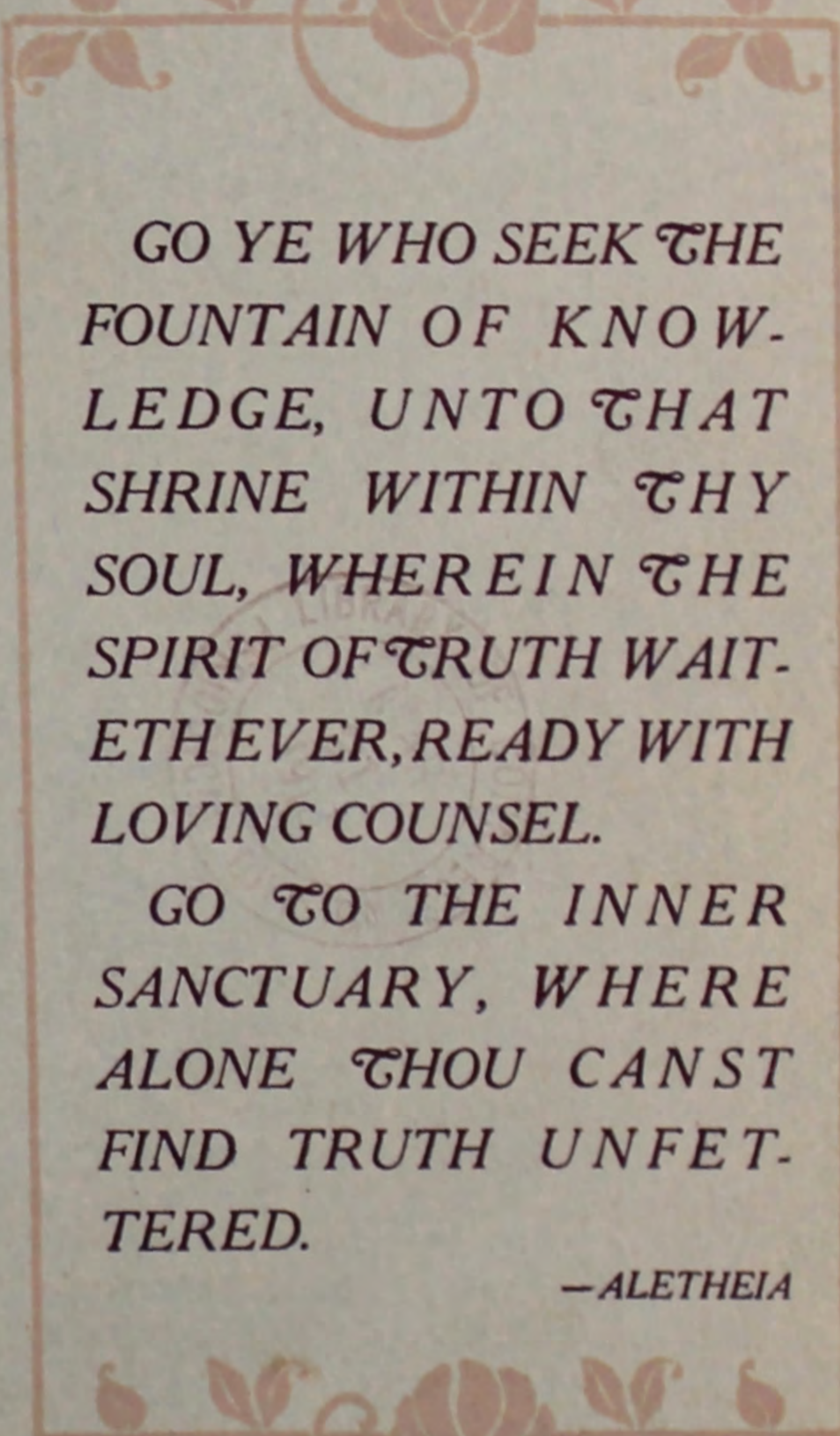

THE ALETHEIAN

A MONTHLY
MAGAZINE
DEVOTED TO
PSYCHOLOGY
ETHICS
FICTION
VERSE



WHERE
TRUTH
IS
FEAR
IS NOT



GO YE WHO SEEK THE
FOUNTAIN OF KNOW-
LEDGE, UNTO THAT
SHRINE WITHIN THY
SOUL, WHEREIN THE
SPIRIT OF TRUTH WAIT-
ETH EVER, READY WITH
LOVING COUNSEL.

GO TO THE INNER
SANCTUARY, WHERE
ALONE THOU CANST
FIND TRUTH UNFET-
TERED.

—ALETHEIA

FEBRUARY, 1913

SINGLE NUMBER,

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Aletheia, appearing at the Princess Theatre last night, said, in answer to a question: "The Democratic Nominee will positively be Woodrow Wilson—but Bryan will be a force to cope with."

THE DALLAS MORNING NEWS of April 15th, 1912, said:

At the Majestic Theatre last night Aletheia predicted that Woodrow Wilson would be the Democratic Nominee and the next President of the United States.

THE ELIZABETH JOURNAL of New Jersey, of August 11th, 1911, recorded the fact that Aletheia at Proctor's Theatre said: "The Democrats wish to elect a President next time and they can WIN WITH WILSON."

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"The Aletheian interests. This magazine is declared to be for Truth Seekers and Truth Tellers. The contents have for the most part been written by Aletheia, the psychic whose work in vaudeville has mystified audiences all over the country. 'The Aletheian' is notable in that it does not bore even those who are laymen in psychical matters. It is a deep book, but even the shallow must be interested."

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THE

ALETHEIAN

WHERE TRUTH IS FEAR IS NOT.

VOL. II—FEBRUARY, 1913—NUMBER II.

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Frances H. Dilopoulo, Editor and Owner.

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By Money Order Only

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CONTENTS FOR FEBRUARY, 1913.

THE VOICE.....	by Aletheia	145
LIFE—Poem.....	by M. H. Curtis	146
THE PSYCHOLOGY OF THE WOMAN'S VOTE....	by Frances H. Dilopoulo	147
SONG OF THE FLAG—Poem.....	by Aletheia	153
CHARITY.....	by Paul, the Apostle	154
“CONFESSIONS” OF A PLAY PIRATE.....		155
MY WORK IS BEST—Poem.....	by Henry van Dyke	162
THE “PSYCHIC SYNDICATE”.....		163
SPARKS FROM THE ANVIL OF TRUTH.....		170
THE CAT'S PAW—Continued.....	by Aletheia	171
WHAT THE STARS FORETELL.....	by The Astrologer	180

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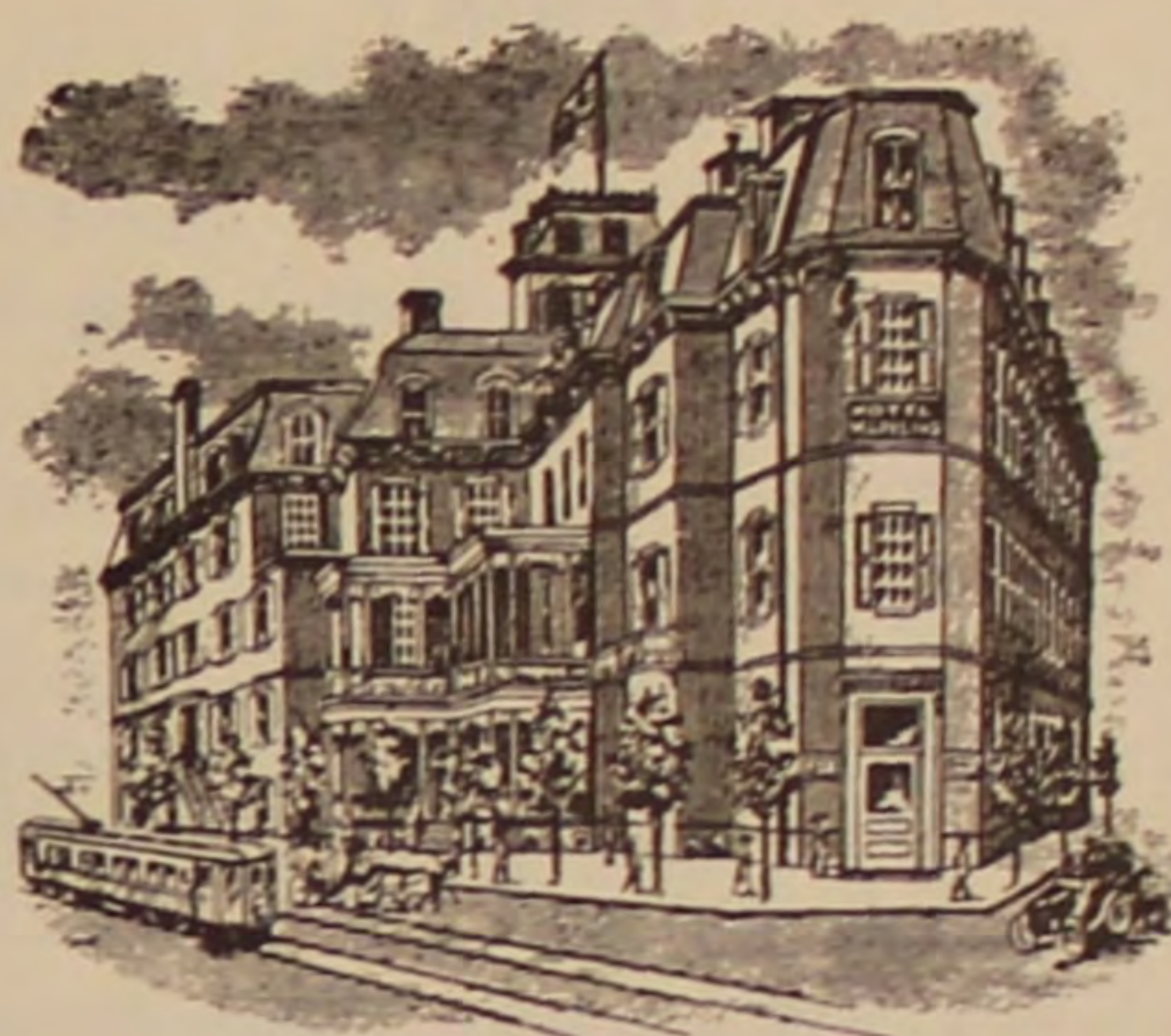
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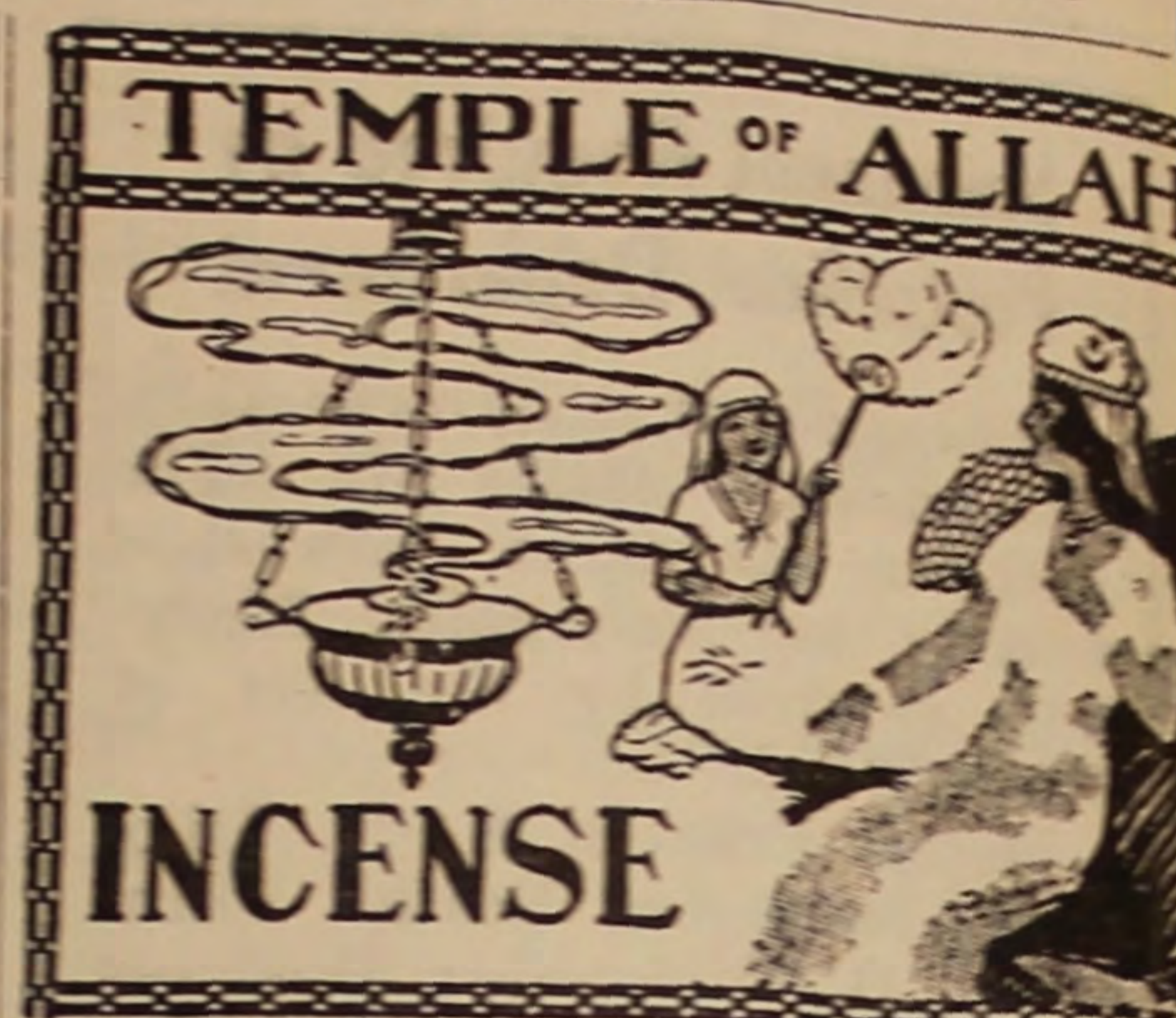
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See Pages 138-139, January Aletheian.

FACTS.

DO YOU KNOW—That the *Aletheian* was the first publication to state facts in regard to police graft in collusion with political intimidation, coercion and blackmail in New York City?

DO YOU KNOW that the very series of articles published in the *Aletheian* were offered to such newspapers as the New York Herald, the New York American and the World at repeated intervals for the last five years and persistently rejected?

DO YOU KNOW that it was a determination to get these truths before the public that they might be aroused to a sense of the unspeakable system that has threatened the ruin of this country that led "*Aletheia*" to found the *Aletheian* Society? This purpose led her to give up practically her entire income, earnings and labors for months to found the *Aletheian*—a magazine that is not afraid to *tell the truth* at all times and in all places.

DO YOU KNOW that certain corrupt politicians, fearing the truth and knowing from past experience with her that "*Aletheia*" was neither to be bought, intimidated or coerced, at length attempted to suppress her magazine by the underground method of having their allies, the grafting police, notify news vendors not to expose this magazine for sale on their stands?

DO YOU KNOW that in her *fearless* fight against these intimidators and "interferers with little business" that *Aletheia* personally sold the *Aletheian* at Brighton Beach Park, and that while there these same corrupt politicians and their "plain clothes" henchmen arrested *Aletheia* in an attempt to suppress her public speeches, setting forth their own nefarious dealings?

DO YOU KNOW that after a trial, at which the only charge that could be substantiated was that she had "made public political predictions, and is a mental scientist and a suffragist," *Aletheia* at once returned to Brighton Park and made other speeches setting forth the details of this farcical arrest, making the matter so public that not one of these Unjust Ones dared to molest her, openly, again?

READ

"THE PSYCHIC SYNDICATE."

See page 163 for light on this subject.



FRANCES ALETHEIA DILOPOULO



THE ALETHEIAN MAGAZINE

WHERE TRUTH IS FEAR IS NOT

VOLUME II No. 2

FEBRUARY, 1913

ASA

THE VOICE

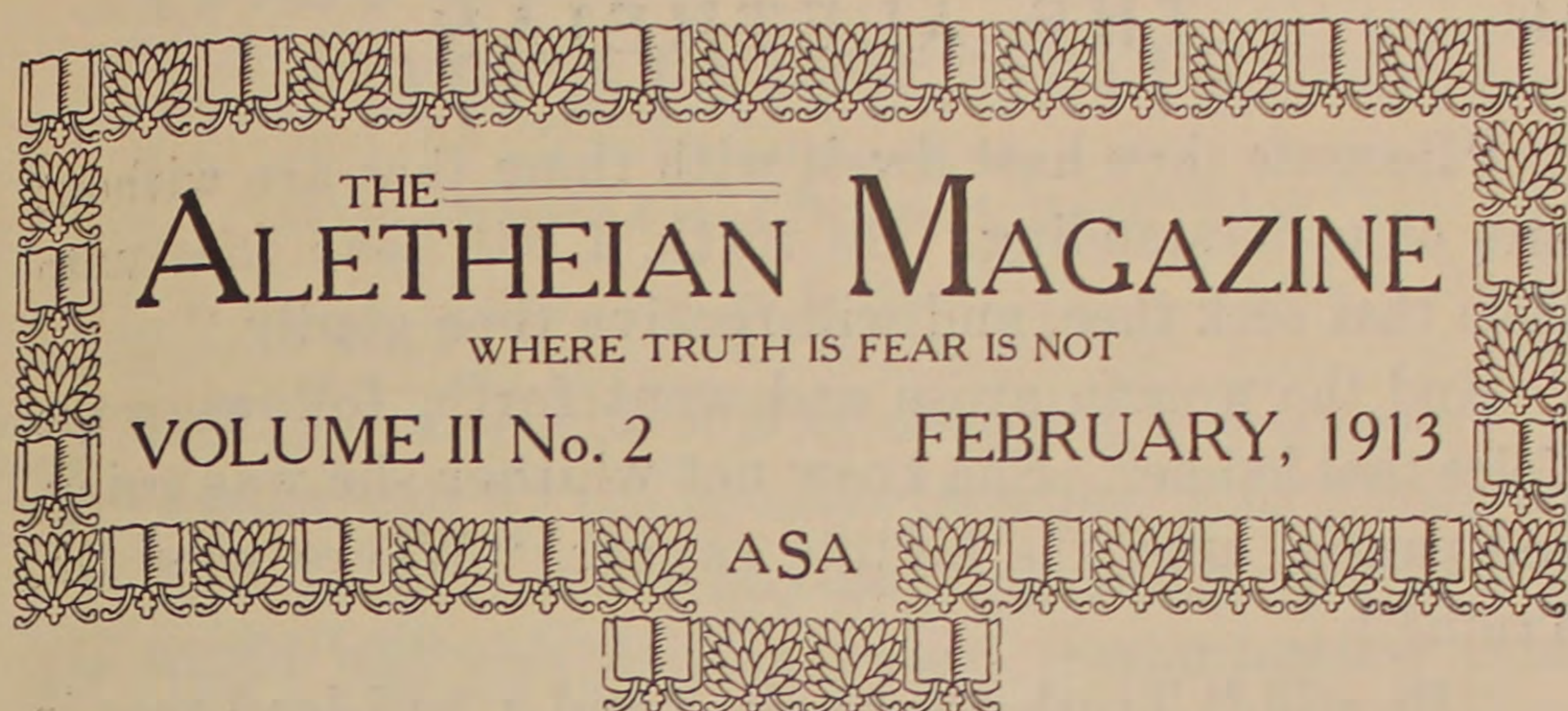
THE hour was dark. Even her soul seemed enshrouded in impenetrable gloom. Immeshed in a labyrinth of false accusation, discouraged, defrauded, misunderstood. The woman turned to the last refuge that seemed secure, but it was only a human refuge. And there her own refused her, and received her not. Grief and anguish, yea, almost despair, possessed her soul. And in the weary watches of the night she cried, "God, where art Thou?"

Then slowly a peace all pervading stole over her, and an effulgence proceeding from the inmost center of her own soul, illumined the darkness. A radiance without form, without substance, yet complete, all prevailing, all sustaining. "Who are thou, what are thou?" she murmured. "Oh, inexpressible and beautiful radiance, thou bearest solace, comfort, courage; behold, I am without fear! Who, then, art thou?" And a voice clear as a silver bell answered, "I am the Spirit of Truth; and where I dwell there *is no fear.*"

"I know thee, Truth, and I have tried to follow thee. Wherein, then, have I failed?"



FRANCES ALETHEIA DILOPOULO



THE VOICE

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"I know thee, Truth, and I have tried to follow thee. Wherein, then, have I failed?"

“Because thou hast dwelt with them that are with ears of understanding. Go forth, I will lead thee unto them that seek thee, and will receive thee gladly.”

And the woman arose and went forth, following the Voice that led her. She knew not whither she was going and paused upon the hilltop, saying, “Where now, Oh, Truth?”

“Be still,” Truth answered, “and I will lead thee in the right way.”

And the woman was silent, till faintly there came to her ears the sound of singing. The anthem swelled on the morning air, “Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty, which was and is, and evermore shall be.” She followed the sound of the singing. And as she reached the gate of a vine-covered cottage the music ceased. “Is it here, Oh, Truth?” she whispered. “Yea,” the Voice replied. “Enter and find refuge, for this is my dwelling, and they that dwell therein dwell also in me.”

The woman entered the cottage, and there found a sanctuary until the soreness of her soul was healed, and her faith arose triumphant.

ALETHEIA.



LIFE.

Murm'ring, and calm voices, laughter, sobs and happy song—
These are ripples of the river as it glides along;
Unrest, peace, joy, grief, the undercurrent swift and strong.

—M. H. Curtis.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF THE WOMAN'S VOTE

By FRANCES ALETHEIA H. DILOPOULO

PART I.

THE question as to "Why should a woman vote?" is answered by the counter question, Why should she not vote? Is there really any thinking man or woman in all the world who can find an honest reason against equal suffrage? The reasons for the woman's vote are so many, so absolute, that it would take a volume to enumerate and elucidate them.

Before going into these reasons I would like to cite my first serious thought in the matter, and the rather ridiculous manner in which it was awakened.

One Sunday evening I attended a dinner at which a great number of people had gathered, ostensibly to listen to a lecture on certain phases of art in Russia. The expected speaker failed to materialize, and a woman suddenly rose to her feet, and said: "While we are waiting for our belated entertainer, why not have a concensus of opinion on the question of Equal Suffrage?" Instantly a tall, heavy set, very much bewhiskered individual arose and replied, in a high, ladylike treble, "Why, certainly, dithcuth the thubjecth, by all means. I will stharta it my-thelf. I have no particular objectionth to you ladieth having the vote, but juth what would you do with it if you got it?"

At the extreme opposite end of the room a tiny little woman with short, curling black hair, that fairly bristled with indignation, bounced up and shot back in deep, stentorian tones, these words: "At least, nothing more

idiotic than you have done with it for the past twenty-five years!"

These were personalities with a vengeance, yet they served the purpose of opening the minds of the non-thinking to a study of the question. Another woman, now well known as leader in the suffrage question, and one whose reasons for the woman's vote are deep, truthful expositions of the real causes for recognition of the feminine question in business and in politics, spoke thus to the black-bearded individual: "Mr. ———, in your labor platforms you demand equality for men. You demand proper working hours, and a fair wage scale for men. What have you demanded for the woman? Is there any equality that grants special privileges to one-half of humanity?" The speaker was Ida Husted Harper. "Give woman the vote," she continued. "Grant her equality and a voice in governing the laborer, who is her son, her brother, or her husband,—sometimes,—but too often herself. Give woman the vote, and she will get you better wages, better hours, and a more equal division of the profits of labor." At this juncture a soft-voiced little Southerner caused a laugh by saying: "Oh, woman will get the vote just as soon as all the women want it; for women always get what they want, sooner or later. In my part of the country, if we prove to them that we really want it, our fathers or brothers, our husbands and our sweethearts will see that we get it, for they never deny us anything in reason." Whereupon a tall, angular female, wearing a bonnet upon which rested a small stuffed green parrot, whose protruding beak was not more aggressive than her own, launched forth with the following: "And why don't women want the vote? Why don't all the women want the vote? Because they are too busy think-

ing about how to get a man. Yes, because our mothers and our grandmothers before them were too busy teaching us how to get husbands!" There was a shout of laughter, and then a momentary hush. She received the unspoken question, for instantly she replied, "Oh, yes, I have had two. The Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away. Blessed be the name of the Lord!" Truly, it is a question as to whom the Lord had blessed in that taking off, but it is a most reasonable supposition that with her strong, aggressive personality she had doubtless attracted to herself the inefficient, non-provident, clinging vine type of man,—and there are many of these.

As a matter of fact, the psychologist comes to realize that strength, courage, earning capacity, and ability are not by any means a matter of sex, but of brains. These are not confined to any one species. And when we look deeply into the history of the world we are forced to take cognizance of the fact that the male beast fights for appetite, for conquest, for self-gratification, and for the love of fighting. But the female fights for the protection of her young, and when cornered will fight for herself; but never until she is attacked and antagonized. This remarkable tendency to self-preservation, expressed only under provocation, is not confined to the animal kingdom; even the insects possess the same characteristics. Is it strange, then, that woman who has made this fight silently, uncomplainingly, and unswervingly from the beginning of all time, should awaken at least to the fact that only through open recognition of her fighting powers will the reasons for that fight cease to exist.

The Creator made the female of the species responsible for all created things. The female bears all the burdens of pro-creation. The dangers, sufferings and

anxieties incidental thereto are hers; the responsibility of training the young is hers also. She, and she only, awakens and controls the intellect of the young, while the male parent at best, merely provides for the physical needs of his offspring during the most important earlier period of its life, while its mind and intellect is developing, its characteristics being formed.

The intellect of the mother is transmitted to the child, while the physical qualities of the father are more often reproduced. Why? Merely because the wife who loves her husband carries his image in her heart, imprinted in her mind; and that image is transmitted through the brain cells into the embryo of the child. If the mother knows nothing but housekeeping and the trivial happenings of the day, her offspring, even when a male, will be a dullard and inefficient; a drone in the hive of busy men. If the unintellectual type of woman marries a clever, but stingy man, who doles out her housekeeping expenses with a niggardly hand, forcing her to keep her thoughts constantly upon money, she will breed sons who are merely avaricious, money-grubbing animals, and her daughters will be the sort of women who sell themselves for money or a home, whether their unions are legalized or not. On the contrary, when a brilliant woman mates with a mental derelict, a near-do-well—a roysterer—that brilliant and courageous woman will still produce sons of mighty brain and brawn, and daughters of intellect and marked courage and virtue. Why is this? Because her heart enshrines an ideal man, such a man as she herself might have been, filling her ideal of all that is noble, good and perfect. The desirability of this ideal is the more potent, the more impressive, by reason of contrast with the actual. This ideal may have no physical existence, but fills

her mind with pictures of what might be; and the embryo receives and reflects these impressions. Her children come forth resplendent, strong, beautiful, in body and in mind, because of this mental impregnation of the mother's soul, as well as body. Think you such a mother can see her son go forth to become the prey of the vampire, the unjust employer, the creature of political thugs, all because the balance of power is in the hands of the ignorant majority? The great majority of voters are ignorant, thoughtless, and only too often actually criminal in one sense or another. Such men will say, "Oh, well, it is the custom." "These things have always existed." "Politics is a rotten game, anyhow." "We can't change things." Then woman steps forward and says, If you can't change these things, we can. We will change the conditions. We will not allow our sons to follow such "customs." "Look at the sons I have brought forth," says woman in the aggregate. "Was that drunken imbecile a father? Will my boy become like that? No. God gave the Spirit, and I have nurtured it. I will not let my son become the prey of drunkenness. I'll vote and fight the liquor traffic." Another looks at the man whose name she bears; a name that stands for power in the political world. She knows him to be a thief, a bribe-taking, vote-selling politician, posing as a statesman. The woman cries out in her anguish, "Is that my son's father? No. The Creator only shall be his father. And I will give him my prayers, my inspiration, my love of truth, my courage. And I shall bring forth a man, not a beast." These are the women who *demand the vote to change "custom," to eradicate misapplied law, bribery, and corruption.* Women demand the vote in order that they may oppose traffic in liquor, in vicious drugs, and in the white slave

trade. For these three follow one upon the other, forming a circle, whose emblem is the snake, and the trail of this serpent is over all the land!

The prohibitionist has not declared for woman's suffrage; yet, if he is against woman's suffrage he is fighting on the side of the liquor traffic. You who have never studied this question should go out into the world. Ask the question of men and women of all types, and they will tell you that the saloon-keeper and the dive-keeper, the pickpocket, the strong-arm police, and even some of the judges appointed by the influence of men whose income is derived from the liquor traffic are those who are working against equal suffrage. The men who are for equal suffrage are the honorable men, the thinking men—the men of just minds and decent lives—regardless of what profession, business or trade they follow.

Then women, making use of the ballot in exercising a privilege that need only take her a few squares away from her home for the space of an hour at best, has nothing to lose and all to gain by equal suffrage; *the safety of her sons and daughters.*

Take, for example, the result of a union of a brilliant, courageous woman, and a brilliant, courageous and spiritually endowed man, such as the parents of Woodrow Wilson. Then there comes into the world a man of power, who will inevitably rise through their combined qualities inherent in him to a position that neither coercion, intimidation, nor selfish ambition has power to sway. Behold a man absolutely fearless, fighting for the principles that are greater than he, yet with a mind big enough to grasp those principles and to promulgate them, absolutely free from human domination.

When woman in the aggregate rises to her better self

she forces man to *keep pace with her*. Under such conditions the whole race of man will become a mighty race, and a fearless one, and woman in public life is bringing that condition about today.

It is utter nonsense to say that the vote would lessen woman's most admirable qualities. Does it lessen her beauty or her dignity when she leads, admonishes and trains her son? Will it lessen her feminine qualities if she leads, admonishes and educates the sons of women who have not had the advantage of education and refinement? It has been said: "What! Let my wife and daughter go to the polls with a lot of drunken rowdies?" Can a real man ask such a question as that? What is a drunken rowdy doing at the polls? Women who vote will see that laws are passed prohibiting a drunkard, or a man at all under the influence of liquor, from exercising his prerogative as a voter *when he is in an irresponsible condition*. The Constitution of the United States gives the vote to all males, except children, imbeciles and lunatics. In which class did the men who framed that Constitutional law place their mothers, their wives, and their daughters?

SONG OF THE FLAG

I was born of Heroes' Blood,
And my Spirit is Truth's Light
Where fond hope led
There courage sped,
And vanquished the tyrant's might.
My field of Blue is hope,
My stripes of Red, the heart,
And the line of White
Is Heaven's Light,
To spread the Truth, your part.
Powers shall wax and wane,
Kingdoms shall rise and fall,
But the Flag of Right
And the Star of Light
Shall triumph over all. —*Aletheia*.

CHARITY

Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not Charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.

And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understanding all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not Charity, I am nothing.

And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not Charity, it profiteth me nothing.

Charity suffereth long, and is kind; Charity envieth not; Charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up.

Doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil;

Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth;

Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

Charity never faileth; but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away.

For we know in part, and we prophesy in part.

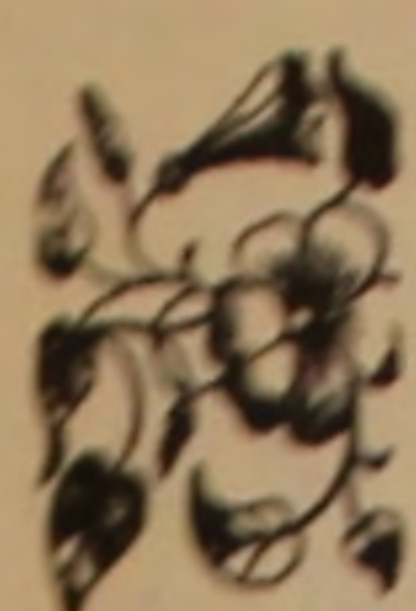
But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away.

When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man, I put away childish things.

For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face; now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known.

And now abideth faith, hope, Charity, these three; but the greatest of these is Charity.

—From *The Epistle of Paul, the Apostle, to the Corinthians, Thirteenth Chapter.*



"CONFESSIONS" OF A PLAY PIRATE



CHAPTER I.

THE SECRETARY'S STATEMENT.

THE roar of applause was at last subsiding. The new production was a success, and the Great Producer was in his happiest mood.

"May I speak to you a moment?"

The little Great Man turned at the sound of her voice, Their eyes met. I watched them, and noted that in spite of her slender figure, her childish expression, a certain compelling electrical force seemed to emanate from her eyes. It was the identical quality that the Great Producer himself possessed. For an instant he wavered, then capitulated. I caught only a few phrases at the end of the interview, she spoke so rapidly.

"Yes, it is my own. And yet not all my own, because it was a dream. You admit the idea is wonderful? But I do not feel competent to write it, so I have brought it to you." He took her hand, patting it gently, with that benevolent, fatherly expression which had endeared him to so many. He replied, "Yes, yes, my child, it is wonderful; but *you must write it*. A mind that can conceive an idea such as that will be the only one to successfully embody it in a play. Have you ever been on the stage?"

"No, but I think I could act, at least well enough to hold a position that would enable me to get an inside experience of the requirements of the stage for play purposes. Without it I am sure I can never do anything in play writing."

“What have you been doing?” I marvelled to see Davasco so completely absorbed in the eager little figure that he was paying no attention to the fact that his new star was well into the last and all important act. They stood back of the scenes, surrounded by a litter of props. Actors and actresses were coming and going, reporters from prominent papers stood waiting his pleasure, yet the Great Producer continued absorbed by the dowdy little figure in gray. I caught her answer in the quick, staccato tones. “Oh, writing—newspaper work, hack work, just for a living. But I want to do the other thing. I want to do something worth while.”

He still patted her hand. “Yes, yes, I know,” he said, “and you can. You will. You have it in you. You come to me in New York, and I will give you a chance.”

“When?”

The simple directness of the query decided him; he answered, “Right away. In two weeks. At the Davasco Theater.” The girl turned. Her eyes were like stars. I caught something of the Governor’s enthusiasm. And at the same time I said, “Another One.” And as she passed me I tried to speak to her, to find out who she was. There would be many details the Governor would want, that we would want, later, if her play amounted to anything. She seemed not to hear me, and passed by. But I laid a detaining hand on her shoulder, saying, “Your name, please.” She shot a strangely penetrating glance at me, and said:

“Why?”

“Your name, for the appointment with Mr. Davasco.” She looked at me again, and said, without a moment’s hesitation, “I will be there, but I will deal only with him,” and then she passed out into the night. I saw her

no more. But at the end of the two weeks there she was at the stage door of the Davasco Theater in New York. She looked whiter, thinner, more fragile than before. And the soul that looked out of her eyes was so dominant, so compelling, that you forgot her outward appearance. And I knew that we must conquer her at once, if we were to avoid future trouble. She stated simply, "Mr. Davasco said for me to meet him here today."

"Who shall I say, please?"

"Simply the girl who saw him in Washington two weeks ago. He will remember."

"But he sees so many. He sees hundreds of people. You must send in your name, or he will not see you."

"He will see me. He will remember me." The words were said in a quiet, soft voice, yet the intensity behind them, the absolute finality she expressed, was staggering. I knew I was going to have my hands full. "Very well," I replied. "Then you must write to him for an appointment."

CHAPTER II.

THE STAGE DIRECTOR SPEAKS.

Something about the girl provoked me. I decided to take a hand in the matter, and said: "Explain your business to me. I am Mr. Davasco's *personal representative*."

The magic words that had quelled the most rapacious reporters, that had set brilliant stars of the theatrical world to pleading, suing, "for a chance" had absolutely no effect upon this little Greenhorn from Washington. "Another one," I said to myself. "Another, but a new type. And if she has any backing, she is going to be worth while." She looked at me, and said, "Very well."

I asked her, almost against my will, "Won't you leave your name?"

"No."

"Are you—er—are you going to write to Mr. Davasco?"

"Perhaps."

The quiet answer was absolutely without insolence, but it angered me more than if it had been intentionally insulting. I then and there made up my mind that if she did see Mr. Davasco it would not be in the theater. It would not be in his home, and that she would find it an exceedingly difficult feat to accomplish without my consent. If there was money behind her,—but Pshaw! No pale, inferior looking girl like that would have any money back of her. Why, she looked as if she scarcely had enough to eat, and her garments were barely respectable, they were so plain and so well worn. She gave me one flash from her eyes. Big, blue gray eyes, with extraordinarily large pupils. The glance was swift, complete, penetrating, enigmatical. Judging from outward standards, it meant nothing. She was so fragile, so childlike, in face and figure. But her eyes fascinated me, almost terrified me. A silly notion that she could see right through me, that she was reading my very mind, that she knew exactly what I planned to do, swept over me with a sensation that sent a chill down my spine. Before I could conquer the feeling, she was gone. For weeks I watched the mail closely. But not a line, not a word came, that I could in any way connect with the Girl with the Eyes, as I had come to think of her in my mind. Yet, one day five years afterward, she appeared, with a letter from Mr. Davasco in her hand. He had given her an appointment at eleven. She wore another gray gown, a lit-

tle more shabby than before, and it clung even more loosely upon the figure that was now almost emaciated. There was a smile of triumph in her eyes, a glow of happiness that transfigured her whole being, and made her almost beautiful. I came forward. I do not know what it was, but she robbed me of every bit of the suavity, of the tact that has made me what I am. Something in her expression made me feel that I was not powerful, not a known factor in Broadway life. I, who had made myself the pivot upon which hung the fate of stars and playwrights and struggling aspirants for fame. With a sickening sense of the past, I seemed to feel myself only an ex-ten-twenty-thirty-cent barnstormer, a ham fat, who, by sheer luck, by engineering an "angel" to back a pretty stage-struck girl had fallen into my present berth. I knew it, and some way it seemed to me that the Girl with the Eyes knew it. She had said nothing, but there was distrust in her heart, and animosity in mine. I could not control myself. And in my heaviest voice I growled at her. "Well, what do you want?" She looked at me, and said, "Nothing—from you. My business is with Mr. Davasco." I began the usual formula, "But he will not see you. He never sees anyone except by appointment through me. I am his *personal representative*." She cut me short.

"Yes, I know all that, but I am to see him today by appointment."

"By appointment? Through whom? No letter has gone out of this office to you."

"No, not out of the office, but I have his letter, nevertheless. And I have also talked with him—"

"Talked with him? When? Where? That is absurd."

"In many places. The last time only an hour ago. He told me to meet him here, at eleven."

"Let me see the letter." She quietly folded it and put it in her pocket. The action enraged me. I said, "Well, you will not see him. He is not going to see you. He meets people on the street, but he forgets appointments as fast as he makes them. He is not here. He is not coming down today." She sat down. People came and went. Every time that I was called out of my office to greet an inquirer, to welcome a star, to turn away some humble beginner, she sat there still. And I felt that she was reading me through and through. After two hours had passed I came out of my private office and said, "You must go away. You cannot sit there. You are annoying me. You are interfering with the business of this office. Please leave." I caught the startled glance of the new office boy. I was harsh, perhaps, but the woman maddened me. She paused a full moment. Then said quietly, "I am in your way, out here in this public ante room? I am sorry, but I feel that I have just as much right here as you. I am waiting for Mr. Davasco, and I am going to wait until I see him."

"I tell you you won't see him. Now, if you want me to—"

She interrupted me. "I am going to see him today. I have had letter after letter, appointment after appointment has been made, only to be broken. I've waited and worked for five years and I'll sit on his door step all night—if I must—but I *will* see him," and she resumed her seat.

"See here," I said, "I don't wish to be rough with you—"

"Mr. Wills, Mr. D. is in the lobby, and he wants to see

you." The boy said the words to me. But he looked at the girl. She seemed to understand that the message was for her, for she turned and almost ran down the steps toward the lobby. But I knew that she would not know which lobby, unless by some chance most improbable; besides, she would have to get past the faithful guard at the outer door. I rushed to our private back stairs, and hastened to find the Governor. She was before me. She had dashed through the outer door, paying no heed as the guards called "Wait! Where are you going?" She rushed across the intervening space, fairly hurled herself upon Davasco. He threw out his arms, and she fell into them, sobbing and crying: "Oh, Mr. Davasco, he says that I have no chance; that you won't see me; that you did not make an appointment; that I *imagined* it all!" His arm was around her shoulder. He was patting her hands gently. "There, there, it's all right. Have you brought the play?" I could scarcely credit my ears. It was true. She had seen him. She had talked with him. She had made appointments with him. She had finished her play. And all without one of "*the guard*" getting wise! She handed him the manuscript. He turned to me, and said, "This is the lady that I have told you to find for me. This is the girl that I told you to put in Mrs. C's company. You must make a place for her. You must find work for her, until I have time to read her play."

"But, Governor, everything is full. There is absolutely nothing open." He looked at me, and there was something of the woman's own manner in his voice as he said, "You have been able to find plenty of places for your friends since you have been with me, plenty of places for the friends of all my associates. Suppose you make a place for someone that I want to have placed, by

way of a change." Then, turning to the girl, he said, "Come tomorrow, at eleven." She thanked him and went away. I smiled, thinking she is a greenhorn still; she has not even suggested taking a receipt for the play! Mr. Davasco stood looking after her, with the manuscript in his hands.

TO BE CONTINUED.



"MY WORK IS BEST"

Let me but do my work from day to day,
In field or forest, at the desk or loom,
In roaring market-place or tranquil room;
Let me but find it in my heart to say,
When vagrant wishes beckon me astray,
"This is my work; my blessing, not my doom;
Of all who live, I am the one by whom
This work can best be done, in the right way."
Then shall I see it not too great, nor small,
To suit my spirit and to prove my powers;
Then shall I cheerful greet the laboring hours,
And cheerful turn, when the long shadows fall
At eventide, to play and love and rest,
Because I know for me my work is best.

—Henry van Dyke.

THE "PSYCHIC SYNDICATE"

BEING A CONTINUATION OF A SERIES OF ARTICLES PUBLISHED
IN NUMBERS ONE AND TWO OF THE QUARTERLY
ALETHEIAN, VOL. 1.

CHAPTER III.

YES I was followed. I thought at first that "The Man of Mystery" had mistaken me for a detective. I found that I was followed, because he had recognized in me an honest *investigator*, one dangerous to the life of the "Psychic Syndicate, and therefore to be pointed out to the detectives, police, and strong-arm collectors as a person to be gotten out of the way. * * * The events that followed for several months must be eliminated for the time being. Suffice it to say that after the result of my investigations had been put into manuscript form they were offered to many newspapers, including the New York Journal, The New York World, The Herald, The Washington Times, and Everbody's Magazine. These offers were first made through the mail, but the articles were persistently rejected. This seemed so incredible to me in publications claiming to be issued in the interests of mankind, that I cast about for a reason why. I saw that the New York Journal especially, at that period, the spring of 1908, was carrying columns of advertising from several of the members of the "Psychic Syndicate." These columns set forth in unequivocal terms the miracles that these practitioners could perform in "*influencing* your friends or your enemies" to become anything you might wish. Among the most flagrant of these, and one of the largest advertisers, was one William Kohler, who has since been sentenced to the penitentiary for ob-

taining sixty thousand dollars from a widow, under false pretenses. This man, and others who were following the practice of not only advising their clients how to invest money, but were supposedly investing the money for them, operated unmolested because they were *paying protection to the police*. When complaints were entered against them they were at once hushed up, the complainant generally being branded by the police as a liar or a lunatic.

My own experience and knowledge of these transactions came about in the following manner: During the summer of 1908, in the pursuit of my studies, investigations and practice in psychic reading, I had succeeded in obtaining a concession from Mr. Edward Kinsella in Dreamland Park, whereon I erected a little building known as the Temple of Truth. It was here, being mistaken by the police, for the same grafting kind of a fortune teller, from whom they were accustomed to derive much revenue, that I came into an absolute knowledge, *at first-hand*, of their methods. It was a common occurrence for a "plain clothes" man to enter my little Temple and demand a psychic reading. When it was explained to him that the admission ticket entitled him to only an ordinary reading he would ask the price of the clairvoyant or psychic reading. And when it was explained to him that these were graded according to the time consumed, exactly as a lawyer would charge for consultation, or a physician for an expert examination, and that the fee was about five dollars an hour, he would request a reading. After receiving the services of the practitioner he would rise, refuse payment, and expose his shield in a threatening, insolent manner. Invariably, my custom was to ring the bell, call in the cashier, and demand a payment, inform-

ing him that my institution was working against graft of all kinds, and that the *grafting policeman* especially was the man we were after. In not one instance did these Intimidators fail to pay! If there was anything in our work that was unlawful, why were they afraid not to pay? Because they had entered solely and simply with the idea of establishing a connection with another grafter. And had I shown myself to be such they would have instantly demanded and levied a protection tax at the rate of twenty-five dollars a week or more, according to the pressure they could bring to bear to extort the same. It became a common thing to have groups of two and three of these individuals enter at once, and their treatment was invariably the same. And the finale was always "There, Bill, didn't I tell you there wasn't any use of coming here? You can't get nothing out of a *woman that is on the square.*" "Why, *she aint afraid of nothing!*"

Why should one be afraid who promulgated truth, and truth only?

One day an old sea captain entered the "Temple of Truth." In a very short interview I discovered that this poor old man had given the entire savings of his arduous life into the keeping of Kohler. The sum was only two thousand dollars. Kohler had promised him interest, at the rate of fifty dollars a month! When I tried to show him the absurdity of this his reply was, "*Kohler must be reliable, for he carries a whole column of advertising in the New York Journal.*" When I begged him to go to Kohler and get his money away while there was time, he promised me to do so, and to put it in a safe institution, a National Bank. In a few days he returned, saying, "You are all wrong about Kohler. See, he has just given me my first month's interest, a fifty dollar bill," exhibiting it

proudly. His breath smelled of the liquor that Kohler had so generously treated him to, in addition to the "interest" on his money. I said to him, "Don't you know that he is only giving you a little of your own money to keep you quiet? Don't you know that men of that stamp are in league with thugs and criminals of the deepest dye? Some night when you are about to board your little trading schooner alone, one of these thugs may hit you over the head with a sandbag, and Kohler will not have to pay you any more interest." It was no use. But the knowledge was on my mind. Taking with me the rejected manuscript, exposing matters of this nature, I went into town and sent my card to the editor of the New York Journal. A police reporter was delegated to hear my story. Others came and went. There were signals between them, and smiles of supposed understanding. With a carefully simulated attempt not to be seen, the inference was that I was a "lunatic;" that I "had wheels;" that I was to be listened to patiently, as one would bear with a fretful child. When I could get no satisfaction, I then went to the business office, and called attention to the fact that this criminal proceeding was being aided and abetted through the advertising columns of the New York Journal. In this office other underlings did not even make an attempt to conceal their open derision of me and my cause. But when I said, "Then I shall take the matter to the Mayor," there was a hush, and a whispered conversation between two, in which I caught the words, "She says she is going to the Mayor." I started for the Mayor's office. A young man followed me out of the office of the New York Journal, approached and said: "If you are going to the office of the Mayor, that is the best car to take." I boarded the car that he indicated, and in a few

moments found myself passing through the most disreputable part of the Bowery, in the neighborhood of Mott street. When I asked the conductor to let me off as near as possible to Police Headquarters, he told me that I was in the wrong direction, and would have to walk several squares. I immediately left the car, and was approached by at least half a dozen disreputable looking individuals, some in police uniform, some in plain clothes, who seemed to spring up on every corner, and who were strangely aware of my mission. The word was evidently out. Even boys of twelve or fourteen kindly volunteered their services as guides, and attempted to lead me down ill-smelling alleys. I finally ferociously snapped at them to "*get out of my way!*" When I asked policemen to direct me properly, instead of giving me aid they wanted an entire history of why and wherefore I should be seeking Police Headquarters. But I finally arrived. And I was not in a very enviable temper. I was told that I could not see the Mayor, but that I could see the Chief of Police. But I was first forced to tell my story to the "Lieutenant" outside. I did not tell him much, but it was enough to put him on guard, and I was finally received by a person who was supposed to be the Secretary of the Chief. Was it Winnie Sheehan? Perhaps. He listened, at first incredulously, but when he found that I had submitted my story in manuscript form to leading papers, and even some magazines, and that it had been refused, he smiled.

The smile was plainly one of relief. He carefully took down the data I had to give, and it was very complete, with names, dates, and locations of nefarious *imposters*, practicing under the name of psychics, clairvoyants and palmists. For you must know that I consider palmistry, a science. Psychology and psychometric power

SPARKS FROM THE ANVIL OF TRUTH

“No mind ever sailed steadily without moral principle to balance it.”—*Selected*.

No moral principle is permanent unless illumined by the Spirit of Truth.

“Nature when she adds difficulties, adds brains.”
—*Emerson*.

The Spirit of Truth is the incadescent light illuminating the brain, lighting the path upward and onward.

The secret of success in life is for a man to be ready for his opportunity when it comes.—*Disraeli*.

And the Spirit of Truth only, can inspire the man to grasp his opportunity and to know the hour when it strikes.

Action will remove the doubt that theory cannot solve.
—*The Caxton*.

Inaction leaves one floundering in a sea of theory through which the Spirit of Truth is constantly emitting rays like those from the lighthouse on a storm-tossed night. If we follow the light we will at last reach the shores of wisdom and understanding.

Follow after Charity and desire spiritual gifts, but rather that ye may prophesy.—*Paul, the Aspostle*.

Through inspiration only is prophecy truly given. He that prophecyeth through the Spirit of Truth, edifieth mankind, and leadeth to the betterment of all created things.—*Aletheia*.



THE CAT'S PAW

By "ALETHEIA"



A narrative of startling facts written in fiction form, dealing with certain psychological phases of the business world and prophetic visions that became a wonderful factor involving a notable group of people.

"The Cat's Paw" deals with a woman in the hands of certain "Literary Philistines," and demonstrates that even the wheels of Justice may become a "cat's paw" in the hands of unscrupulous individuals.

This great serial will be published exclusively in the Aletheian Magazine, and later will be brought out in book form.

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CHAPTERS VII AND VIII.

WHEN Fanny awakened, she had only a confused memory for the time being and it seemed to her that a band of little imps had been dancing around her bed singing in a strange monotone one word. It sounded like "D-o-p-e, Dope. She smiled at such a foolish vagary, and when her friend informed her of her strange lethargy, simply said:

"I know. I was just tired to death. I never had such a strange sleep in my life. I have the most curious impression that I've been saved from something awful. And indeed, I have had a terrible experience." Fanny felt that she did not wish to burden the good woman with details of the previous day's trials and so the matter passed without further comment. As the day wore away, Fanny

felt impelled to go to Wasgood's office, even if it was Sunday, and close her accounts. It was nearly seven o'clock when she left the house, still undetermined whether she would go to evening service or stop at Wasgood's office. She boarded a Pennsylvania avenue car and as she came in sight of the office building, the lighted windows of his office decided her. She found that the elevator was not running and started up the stairs. About half way she suddenly felt as if something were pulling her by the dress and was conscious of an inward warning to go no further, but she concluded that it was only the nervous result of the happenings of the past few days and proceeded to the office. Wasgood's door was standing wide open. She entered and was somewhat disconcerted to find him there alone. He did not appear surprised to see her, yet welcomed her with a curious watchful expression. His words were:

"Glad to see you down. I trust you are feeling no ill effects from yesterday's excitement?"

"I'm all right, thank you, but I want to get those lists as quickly as possible, as I have a telegram calling me to New York tomorrow."

It was not the truth, but she felt justified in a subterfuge under the circumstances. He looked at her quickly, then replied, "Oh, I can't let you go yet. And before I've finished with you, you won't want to go. I'm going to offer you such inducements that you're going to stay right here with me for the rest of your time."

"I think you're mistaken. But we won't talk about that now. Where are the returns?"

"In those large envelopes on the book shelves there."

She glances over at the case indicated where three or four bulky manila envelopes were bulging with pho-

tographs, manuscripts and letters. "That end one there is yours," he said.

"Why," she replied, "that wouldn't hold half of what I've done. This must be mine," indicating the largest and bulkiest of the lot.

"No, don't touch that. It's the end one." His back was toward her and some guiding spirit made her select the large one. She quickly shifted the position of another package that had been lying on a lower shelf and took both the large parcel and the small one that he had said contained her work. Her action was partly concealed by a screen and as she slipped into a chair at the desk facing him, she laid the two envelopes on the floor beside her. Reaching into the smaller, she rapidly ran through the photographs and articles that she had prepared and found to her surprise that only the less important sketches were there, such as she recalled had been mailed to her at her home or delivered into her own hands.

"But this isn't half," Mr. Wasgood. "There are fifty that have mailed, or promised to mail, their photographs with biographical sketches prepared by their secretaries, and I'm sure that most of them have come in. Why, it was only yesterday that Senator Johnson's secretary said I might have dropped him a note of thanks for doing my work for me, and I have never received what he sent me at all."

"Well, you don't expect to get paid for what they send in to the office? You know I only intend to pay you for what you actually bring in."

"But you told me that so long as I provided you with a new photograph and the biographical sketch that I was entitled to a payment for each one I secured, and I par-

ticularly requested those who preferred to mail their material to send to me in person. And so they have."

At this point she laid before him several sketches and photographs that she had surreptitiously taken from the larger envelope. He seemed staggered for a second, then said:

"And why do you claim these?"

"Because I not only went after them, but they were sent to me in person as these letters prove. Do you see this? This letter is addressed to Mrs. Fannie Heath from Senator Johnson's secretary, and marked 'Personal.' This is the first time that I have seen it."

"Do you mean to insinuate that somebody else has opened a letter addressed to you?"

"I don't insinuate, I'm stating facts. And here are half a dozen others all opened. *What more do you want?*" Suiting the action to the word she placed before him the letters addressed to herself that she had discovered among the photographs and sketches in the larger receptacle. Wasgood sprang to his feet and said threateningly:

"If you dare to go out of this office and tell any one that I opened mail addressed to you—"

"Why, I didn't say *you* opened it! But somebody in your office did. It may have been your office clerk, or some of your other interviewers who may have been trying to claim credit for my work."

"Oh, then you don't accuse me?"

"I accuse no one in particular. But I hold this office responsible."

"Now, see here, what difference does it make anyhow? There was nothing personal in the letters, was there? And so long as you get your pay—"

"Ah, but that's just the point. How are you going to base my payments if you don't know what I've brought in? Now, here, these complete the missing number. They're all in this envelope. It's rather singular that only those belonging to me should be there, but perhaps you were mistaken about where my material was placed, and it doesn't make any difference so long as you give me a little signed statement acknowledging that I have secured the names on this list."

"Statement?"

"Why certainly. What have I got to show for our contract? I know, of course, that I will not receive the money until the book is out, but by that time I may be in Philadelphia, Kamschatka, or at the other end of the world, and I've got to have a written statement of this matter in order that I can empower someone else to go over the returns with you and collect for me if necessary."

"You don't trust me then?"

"Your motives may be all right, but I've lost confidence in the business methods of this office after the evidence just in."

"Oh, you have, eh? Now, see here, my lady, *that* for your contract," snapping his fingers. "Ha, ha. Why, the work's done! I've got all I want. You thought you were pretty smart, didn't you, but let me tell you that if you sever your connection with this office, as you evidently intend to do, *that* for your contract and *that* for your money," and again he snapped his fingers, plunged his hands into his trouser pockets and paced up and down the office laughing insolently.

"See here, Mr. Wasgood, I'm not quite the fool you take me for—"

conversation in this office tonight—Ah, sit down, Mrs. Heath. I've only been playing a part—simply trying you out." I have heard some stories against you, and I wanted to see—"

"I don't care what you wanted to see. You knew me ten years ago. You have seen my methods for the past two weeks and you have never believed one word against me, no matter what you pretend—"

"No, I know you're all right. I don't believe the man lives that could tempt you."

"'Tempt me?' I don't think I quite understand, but if you mean what I think you do, I want you to know that the money hasn't been coined that can buy me."

"No. I know you're a good girl." Here he suddenly reached across the desk, seized her quivering hand, and, looking up into her face with an insolent leer, said, "I couldn't tempt you myself, could I?"

The woman snatched her hand away and her fingers tightened convulsively upon the heavy nickle-plated desk telephone that stood between them. Was it a gleam of triumph that shone in his eye? 'Twas but the flicker of an eyelash, yet suddenly a great light shone in upon her. She dropped the telephone and said, quietly, "So, Mr. Wasgood, that's what you're up to, is it? If I hadn't believed that you were absolutely irresponsible, I think I would have brained you before this. I know what you are trying to do, and you may just as well send away the men outside that door because I am not going to make any *'violent demonstrations.'*" Why, you are nothing but a cur, a coward, a liar and a hypocrite. Yes, and a fool! You forgot the most important part of your role. You've forgotten your ear trumpet! Do you realize that for the past fifteen minutes you have heard every word that I

have said without making me scream into that convenient little instrument? Now, in parting, I have to say that if you had been half a man, I'd have blown your brains out. But you're not worth it."

Swinging to his feet he said, "Ah! Ah! Will you repeat that remark?"

"Yes, and in the presence of your paid spies outside." Crossing, she flung open the door that separated the two offices and said, "Gentlemen, I have just told this dog in here that he ought to have his brains blown out, but I leave the work to some other hand. I'm not killing *mad* dogs!"

The four husky men outside the door looked foolish, but Wasgood was equal to the occasion.

"Gentlemen, gentlemen, I shall call upon you all to bear witness that this woman has just threatened to blow my brains out."

As quick as a flash, Fanny turned, snatched up one of the envelopes containing some of the letters, photographs and sketches and darted past the dumfounded group.

"Stop that woman! Stop her!" But she already was in the hall with her finger on the elevator button. She thanked Heaven it was running again and the car just at hand. Wasgood rushed into the hall. "I'll have those papers and those letters if I have to put you behind the bars to get them."

TO BE CONTINUED IN THE MARCH ALETHEIAN.

To believe with certainty we must begin by doubting.
—*Stanislaus*.

Sincerity is the way to heaven. The attainment of sincerity is the way of man.—*Confucius*.

WHAT THE STARS FORETELL

"The Stars Incline, But Do Not Compel"

Horoscope of R. H., born February 4, 1892

YOU were born under the sign Aquarius, with the beautiful and beneficent Venus as your ruling planet.

It is said that Aquarians are either the strongest or the weakest people in the world.

You will find that in your case you are strong and weak by turns, temperamentally. You can eliminate the weaknesses of your nature and develop the splendid qualities that are yours by birth-right, for you came into existence at one of the most favorable periods of your sign.

You are naturally endowed with great possibilities and when you find that you are understood, and appreciated, you can rise to great heights of strength and usefulness.

When, however, those about you ignore your efforts, you become vacillating, a creature of the desire of the moment, blown about by the various opinions of those with whom you associate, *often substituting their judgment for your own.*

When you weigh and ponder your course, as you should, you seldom make a mistake.

When the duties that confront you are irksome, the weakness of your nature asserts itself and you ask the opinion of others in an effort to justify your own excuses for not resolutely performing the duty to which you are called.

Concentrate upon and strengthen the good and beautiful qualities which are inherent in you, needing only

firm cultivation to bring happiness, health, and success into your life.

You have natural healing powers that would greatly increase, as your spiritual qualities are allowed to grow, and you possess the magical power of healing insane persons.

You may not be aware of this gift and it will not assert itself, unless you cultivate cheerfulness, kindness, patience and poise.

A respectful and loving recognition of your powers will enable you to accomplish much for the good of humanity and for your own comfort and happiness. You must know that every kindly thought directed toward another by yourself, actually warms and alleviates your own soul while on its way through the world.

As you give out so you will receive.

To learn to recognize your opportunities, and to improve them is the key to Aquarius power, genius and achievement.

While you are apt at times to be over-anxious about those you love, your nature has a kind of buoyant reactionary power that takes but an encouraging word to arouse.

You will acquire much property, yet, if you should be in a position to make investments, you will often seek the advice of others as to expenditure, and then go your own way after all. It is not a real desire to be advised that causes you to ask advice, but a sort of shifting of responsibility if things do not turn out well. Therefore, cultivate making up *your own mind and acting upon your own decisions.*

You are naturally noble, honest and kind-hearted.

You have fine discrimination when you exercise it.

You are a very fair reader of character, and are not often deceived by a pitiful tale.

This mental and spiritual quickness would make you very apt at any trade or profession, that appealed to you. With earnest and persistent effort you could develop into a very clever writer of fiction, essays and articles of a high literary value. You are also inventive and musical.

Your talents are varied, but your energy flags. This is merely a matter of will-power. You have plenty of this, but often use it to accomplish what you *desire* to do, rather than what you *should* do.

You are of an agreeable, engaging manner, and manage to retain your dignity under most circumstances.

If you become nervously indignant, you are very apt to express yourself intolerantly.

You are rarely passionate, or unguarded, but can quickly and effectually resent an insult if one should be offered. You are somewhat unmanageable and often illogical. But you have a certain psychic or spiritual understanding that is far above the ordinary and you can arrive at the real truth oftentimes more quickly and correctly than those who judge by externals.

You possess, in common with others of your sign, the power of divination and inspiration.

Once aroused to work for the pure love of helping humanity, your improvement will be rapid and your development wonderful. You have naturally a splendid power of suggestion, and, used for good only, will help all whom you desire to benefit. You must not let this force degenerate into hypnotism, for that is harmful to both possessor and subject.

You will grow more attractive in appearance and in personal power year by year, if you study yourself and

cultivate your great gifts. Your health greatly depends upon the cheerfulness of your surroundings.

Your best friends and truest companions will be found among the persons born under the sign of Aries, Sagittarius, and Aquarius, your own sign.

In marriage you will find an agreeable mate born in September or the last of August. Such persons also make good business partners for you.

The worst faults of your sign are procrastination and the breaking of promises. Caprice and lack of concentration are also faults. These are easily overcome with a little exercise of will-power, and constant practice. You must seek to overcome restlessness and anxiety. To seek for the good in all things, to be careful not to condemn others for that which you secretly do yourself. You must fight laziness and indifference during every waking hour. You must make no engagements that you do not mean to keep. You must establish in yourself an *independence of outside influences*, and go for *advice* only to your Creator in earnest prayer for proper guidance and it will be given you.

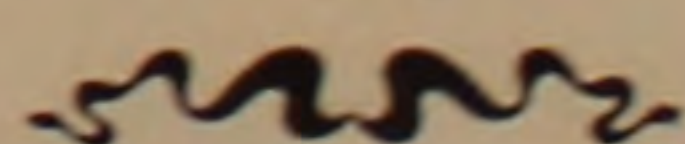
MOST OF ALL, NEVER SAY WITH YOUR LIPS WORDS WHICH YOUR HEART CONTRADICTS.

Your lucky day for this year, 1913, will be Thursday.

Your lucky gems, sapphire, opal, and amethysts.

You will find this a most auspicious year.

—*The Astrologer.*



Self-culture aims at perfection and is the highest fulfilment of the law of God. It means perfect symmetrical development of all our powers of body, mind and spirit.

—*Goethe.*



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